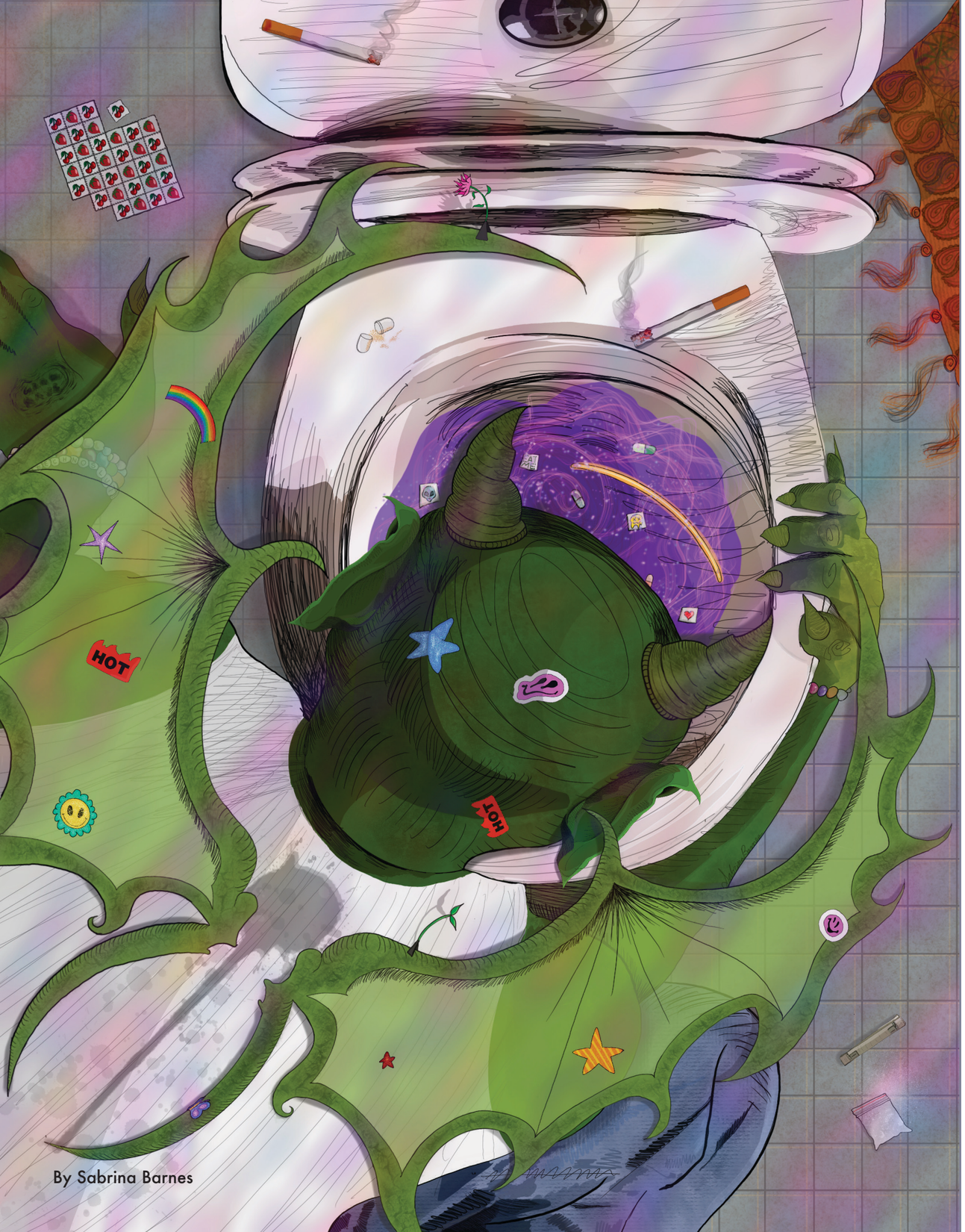
GarGoyle
br bitch WYA?! br br
madeline
AFTERDARK



By Sabrina Barnes

Gargoyle BRAND MAGAZINE

Volume CXVII, Number 2 Fall 2025

STAFF

Sabrina Barnes.....DMTease
Mia Lambert.....zygomaticofacial awareness
Megan Okubo.....skottle
Xolo Hernandez-Herrera.....who's juul?
Jacqueline Brace.....cryptic creature cultivator

Charlie Palmer.....[write something funny here]
Paolo Poquiz.....K.I.A.
Natalie Guo.....has no license to kill
Hex.....the cards r telling me you're gay

Sam Baumgardner.....infected with monkey stds
Frank Bizze.....Reverse lisan al gaib
Audrey Blackham.....wants to befriend Bigfoot
Nola Davenport.....aspiring lycanthrope
Ellis Dee.....getting narcanned in a Burger King bathroom
Ivanna Flores-Cabrera.....I'm real if you believe in me
Giada Garzelloni.....wetland enthusiast
S. Golubic.....pronouns: nyancat/nyancatself
Jaclyn Kabakoff.....Team Cherry's skongest soldier
Blaire Kircos.....billiard room angel
Juno Krishti.....yo lemme get a hit of that hope n love
Kendall Jordan.....consumed by the machine
Madeline Lewis.....iSpy a crusted wiener
Mia Norbey.....layout monster
Zeno Park.....fabulous
Zeke Pterodactyl.....my spidey senses are jiggling
Rev Rico.....father reverend?
Jack Sodom.....razorgirls on dmt-regicides
Bethany Stahlin.....no but seriously imagine it
Bee Whalen.....horseman whisperer

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

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Ready to Party

By Audrey Blackham

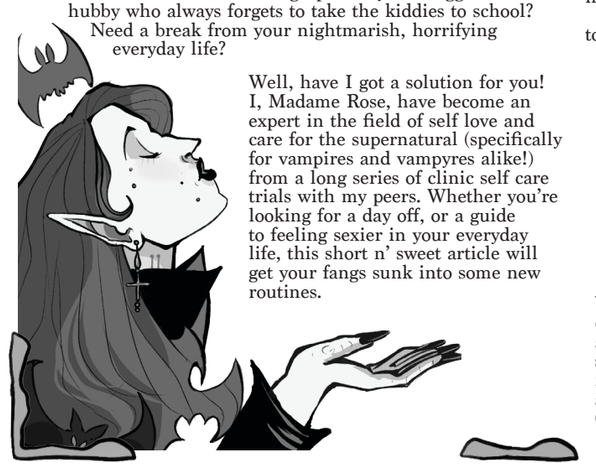
MONSTER HIGH
MONSTER EXCHANGE
Join Rochelle Goyle on her journey to illustrate the fangtastic ghouls of Michigan!
Daughter of the Michipeshu
Daughter of the Sasquatch
Daughter of the Lake Leelanau Monster
Daughter of the Dogman
Daughter of the Nain Rouge
By Madeline Lewis

Margin monsters throughout this issue drawn by Zeke Pterodactyl

Self Love for Vampires

By Bee Whalen

Feeling your very soul drained from your cursed, sunburnt existence? Tired of cleaning up after your sluggish count hubby who always forgets to take the kiddies to school? Need a break from your nightmarish, horrifying everyday life?



Well, have I got a solution for you! I, Madame Rose, have become an expert in the field of self love and care for the supernatural (specifically for vampires and vampyres alike!) from a long series of clinic self care trials with my peers. Whether you're looking for a day off, or a guide to feeling sexier in your everyday life, this short n' sweet article will get your fangs sunk into some new routines.

~ Tip #1: Sexy Skin Care ~

One of the most important, surprisingly non-violent nightly rituals to adopt into your sunset and sunrise routine is to take care of that silky soft flesh on your cranium. Since vampires tend to be a little sensitive to the sunlight (unless you're a fruit bat, in which case call Madame Rose's Self Love Clinic hotline for more information), it's strongly advised that sunlight is avoided on a daily basis.

However, in case you do happen to encounter fleeting sunlight in the early or late hours of the sun resetting, my personal favorite sunblock is the *Professor SquiggleWump Suncast AWAY!* solution, which is made with 100% organic, non-GMO ingredients, also suitable for young pups.

Here's a list of additional skin-care products that are crucial to a healthy routine:

★ Wishbone Gua-Sha (must be from recently killed poltry)
★ Eyeball supplements to promote clearer eyesight and vision
★ Toad Spit to instantly disappear thousands of years of writhing, wrinkly aging overnight
★ Skin of a Mortal facemask: anti-inflammatory effects……?
★ According to the packaging: ensure the victim was fresh, lived in a large estate, had just gone to bed, and supposedly had cucumber slices atop their eyes. The higher quality the facemask, the more likely the label "wealthy appearance-obsessed overconsumer" will be on the packaging.

~ Tip #2: Treat Yourself, Darling! ~

While skin care can often be enjoyable, it can also feel like a chore, especially if you're a newly fledged diva. Everyone needs a break, so take advantage of that social statement. As a highly sophisticated ghoul, it can be difficult to stay on top of house invitations, meals, house guests, and calculations, so here's a list of ways to kick back, relax, and escape from your own (nonexistent) shadow of responsibilites.

★ Smoke a bowl with the local unicorn. Unicorns and vampires get along well because we both tend to be independent species who care deeply about our reputation and our appearances. However, as much as we dread it, we need to limit our self isolating. By sharing a joint or two, you both will feel blissful, more magical, and won't have to exchange a word while feeling heightened.
★ Bask in the moonlight with your mistress ghoulfriends of darkness. A ghoul's night out is the perfect way to fix an obnoxiously bright and sunny evening, so consider joining together with your fellow queens to share some gossip with the lady of the night herself.
★ Fix yourself a bloody martini. Recipe available via Rat Delivery Services.

~Tip #3: Healthy Habits for Hotties~

Taking a night for yourself is always luxurious, however, it can be taxing on your health if that's all you do. Hotties are healthy as I always say, and YOU are a hottie! So here's some even hotter tips to help you stay in shape (no matter which shape that is):

★ FLY instead of ordering a ride for your hunting nights. These nights can be great opportunities to get on top of your fitness game. By stretching your wings out instead of taking the mortal route, you honor your past deceased and rotting ancestors by practicing a traditional way to travel, while also allowing for a haunting entrance to your destination.
★ Take a bundle of seeds, count them, keep them in a jar, and then throw them as far as you can. You MUST count them all. COUNT THEM. Make sure every single seed comes back. Throw peas for even better luck and good fortune. This is also a wonderful activity for your vampire hubby to do as well.
★ Eat a balanced diet.

Getting High Like A Brother

By Paolo Poquiz

Prospective pledges of Delta Iota Epsilon:

Trust, rushing our historic institution isn't just soggy biscuits and elephant walks (despite how recent "lawsuits" have "settled"). We know these publicity mishaps won't stop you from coming out to get faded, blitzed, AND blowed! Here's a sample of what's in store at a classic DIE bonding sesh:

Goombing: We got these strange shrooms from the too-hipster pussies we dropped last sem (they watch David Lynch movies! Multiple!). Through intense experimentation, we've found you only get a good high if you rub (or insert) them below the hips, so you'd better drop those pants (or slip off your socks for rubbing if you're bitch-made).

The Chimney Sweep: We filled a nougat-flavored magnum condom with some leftover fent and the communal blown air of some recent bong rips. Get. Fucking. Hyped.

Crayola Time: We know you're a Rosshole. Take those crayons you're using to practice coloring inside the lines and rub them into our brick of coke until that shit looks like kinetic sand. We'll dig in when "Nokia" by Drake starts blasting.

I Miss the Rage. By Sabrina Barnes

You are dead, dead for a thousand years, pure bone, skeletal sober. And you are very cold standing at the back of the line for the big beautiful legal club[1] with the cool mainstream legal DJ.[2] Your eyes thoroughly lined and glittered, you're a sexy raccoon, your bra is stuffed with liquified, leaking lime green Jell-O shots.[3] Lights flash, you find yourself in the background of an Insta pic of girls flaunting Shein pashminas.

But you're doing the cool big beautiful mainstream thing! The healthy middle ground between your college bar[4] and the not-on-a-map-hardcore-techno-hole-in-the-wall![5] You've now been in this line for two hours, lapping up your formerly-gelatinous Jell-O shots[6] like an antelope at the watering hole. The moon dusts you in a pale blue haze, you gaze at her in your tipsiness.[7] How existential.

The alcohol has coalesced with your restlessness into an emboldening sort of elixir. It's quest time. You tell that one girl you love her pashmina and that her boyfriend doesn't deserve her ethereal presence. You bond. You ask that guy about his fantasy team. You mention you went to Breakaway. He feels bad about how tired you overemphasize that you are. You bond. You dig in your purse to "find your lipgloss....."[8]

Everything turns to mush.[9] The bouncer is a hydra. You tumble inside. You are fucking faded. The strobes have eyes. The mosh is vile. Nothing but white boy trap[10] and PLURless[11] neo-liberals.[12] You miss the rage. Devastating.[13]

[1]Walks like a rave, quacks like a rave, but it's a capitalist scheme.

[2]John Summit disciple.

[3]Your boobs are sticky and lopsided, reeking of sour apple and Fireball.

[4]Degen aquarium (derogatory).

[5]The one you didn't know the address of, that interrogated you and gnawed at your soul while you took bodyshots from bloody lasers. Converted churches and real warehouses and underground vaults and places you had to go on expeditions to find. Wild wild west side of the middle of nowhere Chicago. Synths that sing to you like incantations and growling beats that loosen your sternum from your soft tissue. Degen aquarium (debonair).

[6]You've had eight.

[7]The moon illuminates the tip of the bag peeking out from the pocket of the bro in front of you, the pen smoke from one of the girls with the child labor pashmina, the devilishly cute little capsules and pulsing shrooms next to your lipgloss...in case of emergency. The moon watched you embody the antelope. She's judging you. Do better. Abandon your evolution.

[8]Things are looking up! This *is* as good as that abandoned church with chrome-masked dancers!

[9]Hallelujah!

[10]Fuck. Nvm.

[11]Go quest on this one. Loser.

[12]Loser.

[13]You wake up fully clothed in your(?) bathtub with crippling anxiety nonetheless. Great work.

By Nola Davenport

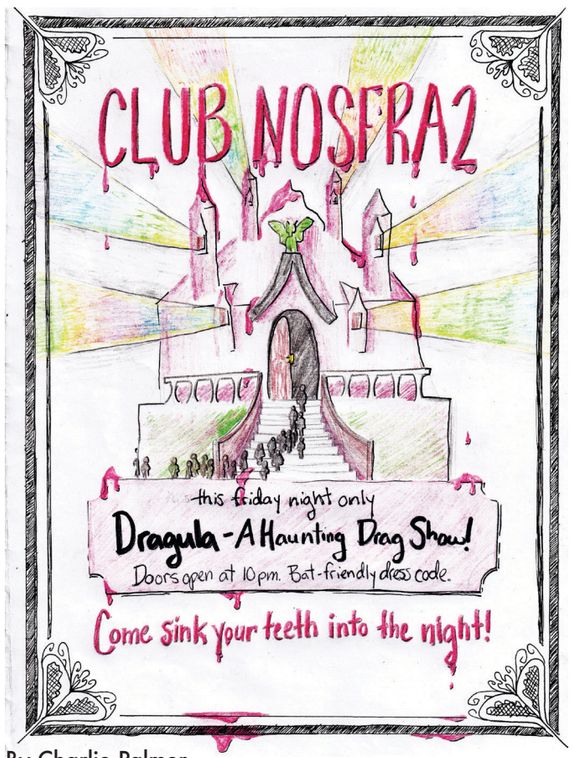
came empty handed?
WHERE 2 FiND THE DRUGS @ THE PARTY.
-Using this as a pregame for their party in an hour
-Has Everclear in a flask + a Kool-Aid squirt bottle to chase in their blazer pocket
-Want any? Prepare to run lines with them during the hangover tomorrow
Theater Majors
-Trying to keep her freshman brother from puking in the sink
-Will trade gossip about her roommates for whippits from her fridge
-Crossed like apple sauce
Party host
-Microdosing shrooms grown from their bathtub wine dregs
-About to smoke an infused joint in the driveway if u want a hit you'll have to be able to hold conversations on Kafka and My Little Pony (most likely at the same time)
Counter-counter Cultralists (aka Co-opers)
-Lives next door
-Chainsmoking Marlboro Golds in the corner
-Maintains direct eye contact with his lazy eye if u take a drag
Old Man
-Has hand-me-down Quaaludes from their grandma in their bra
-Exclusively playing acid techno they found in their Croatian uncle's friend's basement
-If you find them on their smoke break, you can try their gas station cloves
DJ
-5 Million vapes under their hat
-Will only let you hit the burnt blueberry pie geek
-Has a lab due at 11:59, trying to see if they can bum coke off the DJ
Engineering Frat Bro

By Mia Lambert

By Jaclyn Kabakoff

I spy in a stinky alley... a fantastic euchre hand, Jamon. A fatty turkey blunt, splooge, Natalie Emcard, WWII era Iberico, Bluey Bush's Baked Beans, a garg alum's fav drink, Moomin. Cig'urts, variety of pasties, crack, a rat king, Whore 2, & more!

By Madeline Lewis

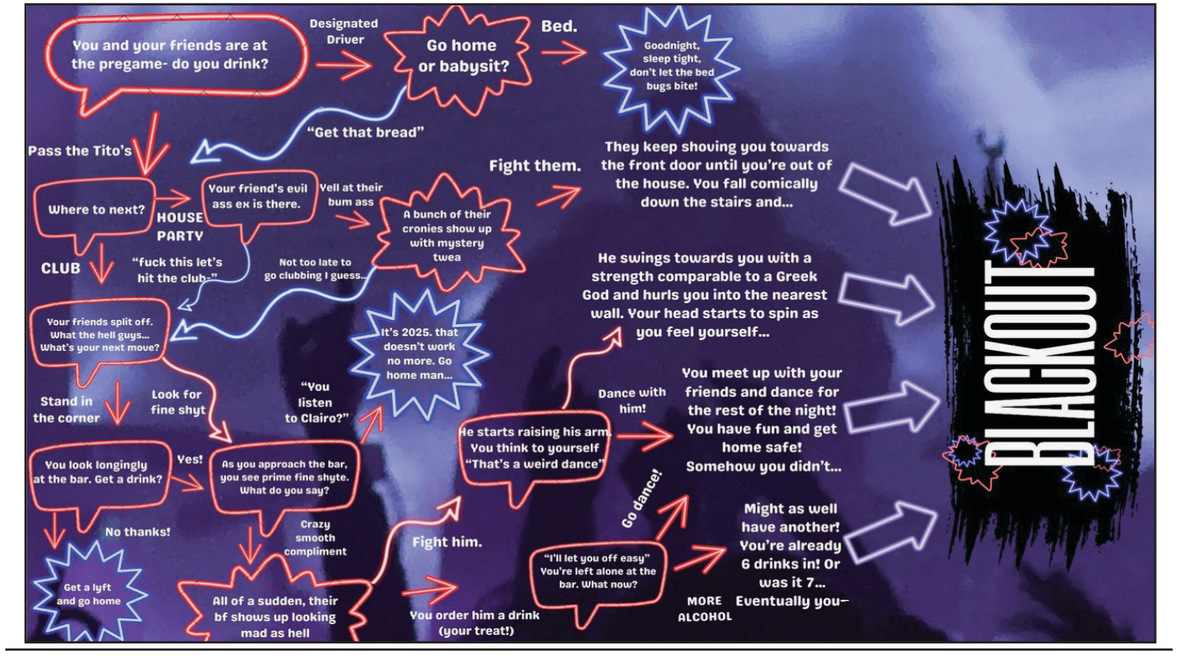

CLUB NOSFRA2
this friday night only
Dragula - A Haunting Drag Show!
Doors open at 10pm. Bat-friendly dress code.
Come sink your teeth into the night!

By Charlie Palmer

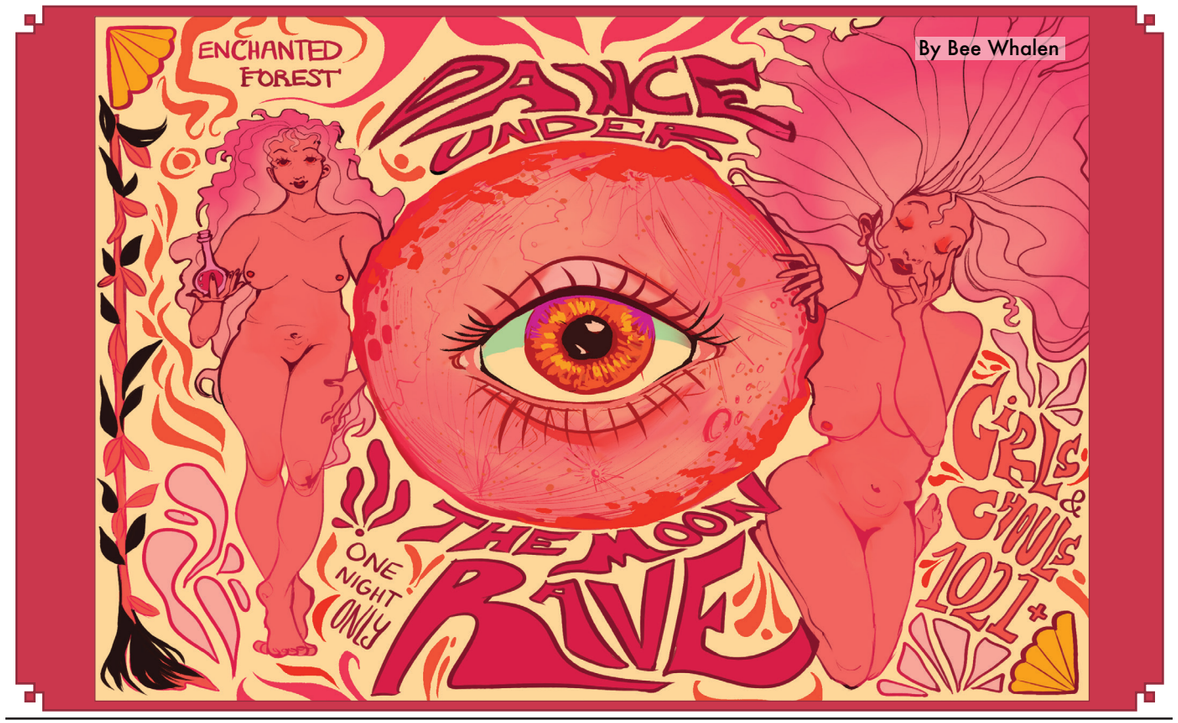
By Mia Norbey

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE!

By Kendall Jordan and Juno Krishti


You and your friends are at the pregame- do you drink?
Designated Driver
Go home or babysit?
Bed.
Goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite!
Pass the Tito's
"Get that bread"
Fight them.
They keep shoving you towards the front door until you're out of the house. You fall comically down the stairs and...
Where to next?
HOUSE PARTY
Your friend's evil ass ex is there.
Yell at their bum ass
A bunch of their cronies show up with mystery twea
CLUB
"fuck this let's hit the club-"
Not too late to go clubbing I guess..
He swings towards you with a strength comparable to a Greek God and hurls you into the nearest wall. Your head starts to spin as you feel yourself...
Your friends split off. What the hell guys... What's your next move?
It's 2025. that doesn't work no more. Go home man...
Stand in the corner
Look for fine shyt
"You listen to Clairo?"
Dance with him!
You meet up with your friends and dance for the rest of the night! You have fun and get home safe! Somehow you didn't...
He starts raising his arm. You think to yourself "That's a weird dance"
You look longingly at the bar. Get a drink?
Yes!
As you approach the bar, you see prime fine shyte. What do you say?
No thanks!
Crazy smooth compliment
Fight him.
Go dance!
"I'll let you off easy" You're left alone at the bar. What now?
Might as well have another! You're already 6 drinks in! Or was it 7... Eventually you-
Get a lyft and go home
All of a sudden, their bf shows up looking mad as hell
You order him a drink (your treat!)
MORE ALCOHOL
BLACKOUT

By Blaire Kircos



By Bee Whalen

You Cowards Don't Even Smoke Crack

By Ellis Dee

Doing drugs isn't cool anymore. I used to hit carts with typos on the print. I taped molly to my balls to get through TSA. I used to bust my ass to the trap house for shrooms and a dime bag and smoke out of a can. It used to be a lifestyle, a culture. I was the scum of the Earth and I loved it. Now I wait in line at the dispo while a middle aged white dude stands in front of me, asking for a strain of shrooms that will "really obliterate his ego." It's not cool anymore.

Nowadays, weed's just another product—it's legalized, normalized, advertised, you name it. Honest to god, you can buy a percocet at the gas station. Telehealth doctors are the new plug: whether it's ADHD or BPD, there's plenty of uppers and downers for everyone. I liked coke, but when I saw frat boys posting about "ripping bag" on reels it started getting corny.

It seems like the one thing I'm good at (substance abuse) is slowly getting gentrified by you normie fucks. But you're a cosplayer, not a real junkie. You wouldn't speedball on a Wednesday just to do homework. You wouldn't smoke crack with a homeless dude in Syracuse (I didn't feel it, actually. I know because I begged for another hit for 30 minutes after. Because I wanted to feel it). You hippie poser assholes are missing out, and I feel sorry for you. Lucky for you, I've made a tier list of hard drugs for any of you aspiring addicts out there. And no, you can't buy this shit at a dispensary. Idiot.

S Tier:

Molly: Please don't do this unless you have a girl. Definitely don't do it with your homeboys. Especially the attractive ones. I've discovered some things about myself that I don't like.

Opiates: Type of shit you sell your kid's PS5 for. Makes you forget you're a loser for a few hours and gives much needed confidence at social events. Perfect for your niece's fourth birthday party. And don't worry, nobody can tell you're nodding, bro.

A Tier:

Amphetamines: Yes this includes meth too, pussy. But mostly adderall. These drugs give you the superhuman ability, the intrinsic motivation, the inexplicable drive, and the unmatched dedication required to masturbate for 18 hours. Not S-tier, only because of the crushing shame after.

B Tier:

Steroids: Lowkey disappointed when I learned you have to exercise on these. Jacks up your libido, too. Mostly for femboys, which is weird because I'm definitely not gay. The cardio benefits let me run from these homosexual urges faster.

Ketamine: You have to be kind of a sick fuck to enjoy getting confused as a high. Would do it again.

C Tier:

Viagra: Great for sex, terrible anywhere else. Makes you painfully hard. Definitely not the move for your niece's fourth birthday.

Cocaine: Sometime between 7:00AM and 8:30AM, you realize you've been standing in some balding Greek stranger's kitchen doing lines since you found him at the rave. You've talked all night but haven't really listened, just waited your turn to speak. Or to do more coke. You realize you don't know this guy's name, you don't like him, and you're never going to actually start that business with him. You go home and try to jack off out of pity. There's already tabs open. Femboys. Fuck you cocaine.

The Banshee 4·20·2024

NEWS • IN • PHOTO

Closet Monster Comes Out Of Closet

Wilbert, aged 509, stands proud with his pride flag. At press time, he had this to say: "I'm so happy that the kids I routinely scare the absolute shit out of accept me for who I am."

By Zeke Pterodactyl

Etsy Witches

~ By Jaclyn Kabakoff ~

Smelly dorm room revitalization spell:

Does your roommate CONSTANTLY eat instant ramen? Does your room smell of soup? Do you subconsciously refer to your room as the SOUP DUNGEON? If you answered YES to any of these questions, then this economical, high-quality spell may help you~

→ Same day casting
→ Non-invasively recalibrates your roommate's taste chakra without them ever knowing!
→ Manifests sweet floral smell
→ Your roommate will never eat that blasted soup again
→ Trust <3

Code working spell:

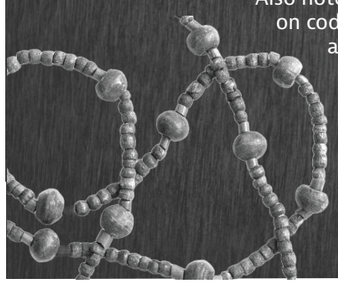
This one's for all my computer science majors out there who know how to catch a vibe and code with it. Only sometimes, some vibes are bad vibes and it takes a witch to meditate and detangle all the vibe threads in the holy vibeal plane. As a woman in S.T.E.M. myself (Spellcasting, Transformation, Entomology, and Magicks), I know how it feels when things aren't working the way you want them to. That is why I am here to help!~

Fixes 95% of:
→ Logical errors
→ Missing semicolons
→ Infinite loops

Will not fix:
→ IndexOutOfBounds exceptions
→ LNK errors
→ Game Engines
→ Pseudocode

*Please note this spell takes 3-5 business days to fully work. Code may not act how you want it to immediately.

*Also note this spell only works on code written in Holy C as Holy C is the ONLY language that is responsive to prayers. Results are *not guaranteed* for other languages but I am happy to try <3



Class Cancellation Spell:

I will manifest your least favorite class to be canceled for one day.
→ Spell takes 3-5 business days to work so make sure you book in advance!

From: <redacted-uniqname@umich.edu>
To: <lunarMarketTarotAndSpells@yahoo.com>
Bcc: <umichDPSS@umich.edu>
Subject: I Think You Killed My Philosophy Professor

Hello Kristie Dark-Angel Birdfeather from Lunar Market Tarot and Spells,

Last week I ordered your class cancellation spell for my 8 am philosophy class, and now I think my professor is dead. The case is still open, but he has been missing for 4 days now, and the police think it's a murder. The current leading evidence is that incense and candles have been found inside his house and a dead moth has been pinned to his front door. He has stated in lecture multiple times that he is not a spiritual person and his personal philosophy (which he invented himself) denounces magic. I saw on your Etsy shop that you do own a bunch of candles and incense, leading me to believe that you may have been affiliated with the incident. Please confirm this is not the case and I can rest easy. I know it sounds absurd but I also know you take your magic very seriously and such cases have happened before (Charlie Kirk).

Worried,
[NAME REDACTED]

From: <lunarMarketTarotAndSpells@yahoo.com>
To: <redacted-uniqname@umich.edu>
Subject: On The Death Of Your Philosophy Professor~

Hello [NAME REDACTED],
A witch never reveals her secrets!

Cheers,
Forbidden Maiden of the Shrine of the Devil, Kristie Dark-Angel Birdfeather

From: <redacted-uniqname@umich.edu>
To <lunarMarketTarotAndSpells@yahoo.com>
Subject: WHAT

...I'll see you in court.

Thanks,
[NAME REDACTED]

Note: The student involved in the incident asked for their name to be censored.

Dragula: Suckin' Blood, Turnin' Looks

By Zeno Park and Charlie Palmer

Every college town has that one mysterious figure you only see after 2 a.m.: South Bend has that leprechaun, Columbus has some coked up homeless guy probably, and Ann Arbor has Dragula. But unlike those other freaks, she isn't hiding in crypts. Instead, she's haunting the karaoke bar.

She's been slaying (literally and metaphorically) since the 1400s, when she traded her coffin for a closet full of sequins and started working the midnight shift at Club Nosfra2. And now, after all these years, instead of lurking in shadows, she still thrives under the neon lights, sipping something red and suspiciously viscous from a reusable cup.

Dragula doesn't just bite, she bites with glamour: fangs pointed to perfection, cheekbones chiseled like stone, and a contour so sharp it could slice garlic. Her glitter? Biodegradable. Her victims? All give written consent to give blood. Her favorite drink? A special Bloody Mary—hold the Mary, double the blood.

During the daytime, she's teaching a seminar called "Raising the Stake: From Coffin to Catwalk," cross-listed with Gender Studies and Folklore. Instead of a final paper, she's opted for a lipsync battle worth 60% of her students' grades.

She's not big on daylight, but she'll sparkle under a disco ball like she's in Twilight. Her drag daughters? Bansheeta, Countess Tuckula, and Miss Fang Bang. Together, they're the Haus of Hemoglobin, bringing eternal life and eternal slay to Ann Arbor's after-hours scene.

So, if you hear a soft rustle at midnight near State Street, don't be afraid. It's just Dragula fluttering her cape, lipsyncing to Olivia Rodrigo, and reminding us all that immortality looks best in six-inch heels.

Gambling Machine

By Kendall Jordan

By Mia Lambert, Sam Baumgardner, and the *Gargoyle* staff

Garg Knows Your Fate

By Hex

Your head is already banging inside your skull as you walk through another unknown property. This house party is like any other on Hallows' Eve. The stench of *gardening* and shitty alcohol fills your nostrils. Ann Arbor's crawling with creatures this time of year. Hard to tell who's in costume and who isn't. Either way, you make your way around the basement.

In the least sticky corner of the basement, something—or rather, someone—catches your eye: a hunched figure at a table illuminated by one dim, flickering lightbulb. Glitter crusts the surface like fossilized Elmer's glue.

The figure waves you over with a claw. Wings and pointy ears casting a shadow over the secluded table. "Tarot, mortal?" it rasps, voice like gravel. You squint…maybe it's a costume, maybe that's just what people look like after three Miller Lites. Too drunk to care, you sit.

The cards are old and greasy, corners bent. The gargoyle (because at this point, yeah, you think that's what it is) fans them out.

"Three cards," it says. "Past, present, future."

You draw the first: **The Hangover.**

The gargoyle grins, teeth like broken glass. "Ah. A cycle unbroken. You swore off Thursday shots, yet here you are. This card means self-delusion, or maybe just dehydration."

You can't help but giggle, are these even real tarot names?

The next one: **Lover's Excuse.**

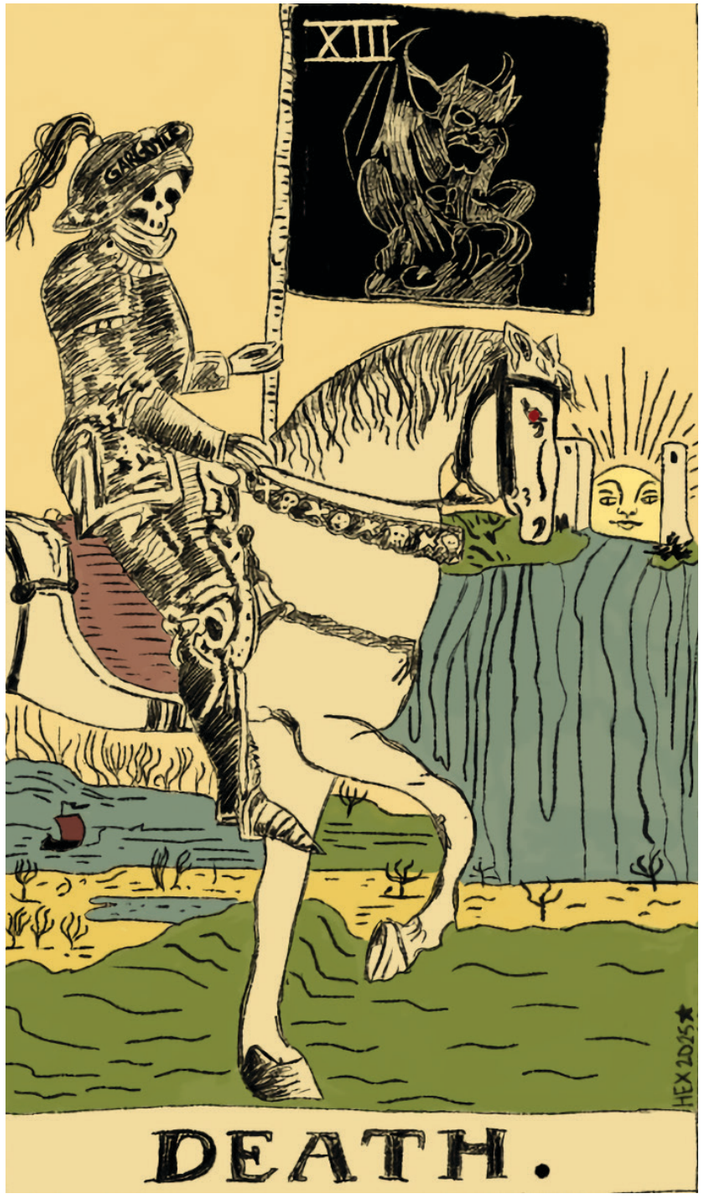
"Denial," the gargoyle croaks. "Late-night calls, ghosts of unsent messages. Maybe even ones they never answered."

Rude. You're reminded of someone (maybe two someones) and stare hard at the table, choosing to ignore the pit forming in your stomach.

Finally, the gargoyle lays down the last card: **Death.**

No irony. Just Death. The card pictures a skeletal knight on a pale horse, the sun bleeding behind him. You expect the gargoyle to laugh. Instead, it leans closer.

"This one isn't about dying," the gargoyle says. "It's about change. The kind that burns through what you were."



The noise fades. This got a little too serious for a reading at a shitty party.

"Don't mistake survival for growth," it murmurs. The bulb flickers, dies.

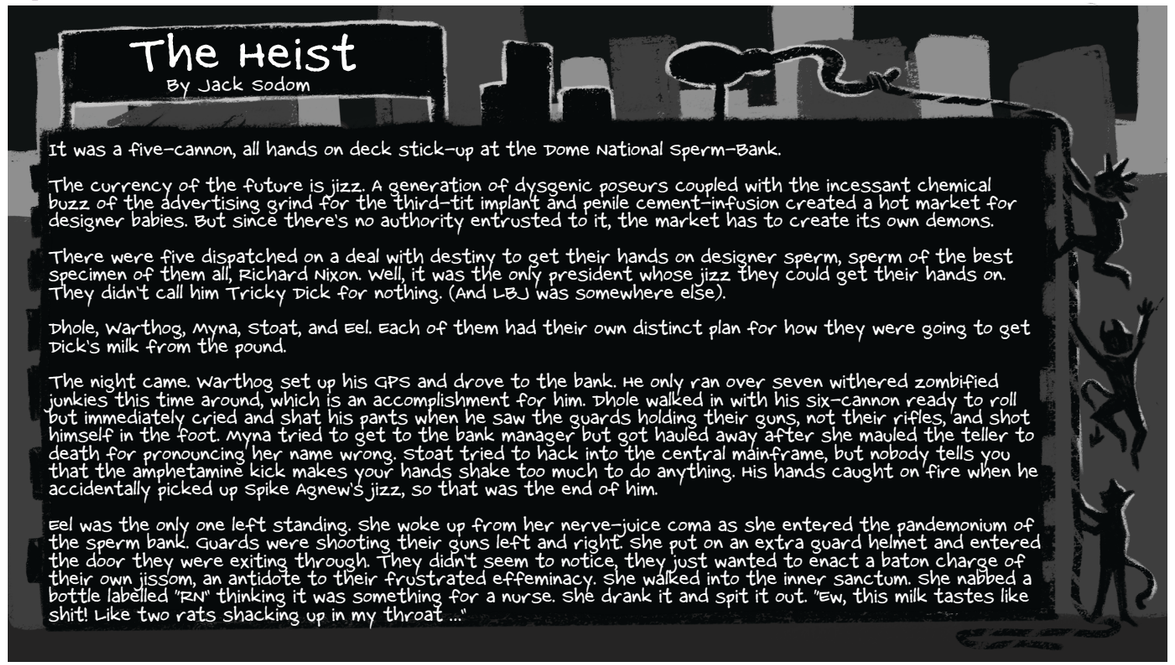
The gargoyle's gone. One card remains.

You pocket it and rejoin the chaos. Someone's crying in the bathroom. Something's on fire…you tell yourself it's all just part of the night, but the card burns in your pocket like a warning you're not ready to read. Whatever, you need another drink.

GARG MARKET

By Frank Bizze and Aiden Bizze

Product	Price	Quality	Description
Contraband Media	19.99	Sealed	Chop Kick Panda, Finding Jesus 2, and more
Second-class Relic	777777	Cracked	Toilet Seat of Saint Olva the Fat
Personal Remains	20000000	Well Loved	cryogenically frozen body of John Monteith
Buried Treasure	Come find out	Unknown	The One Piece
Smuggled Game	6464	Hacked	Minecraft 2
Organ	1599	Used	Appendix: buy one get one half off
Heirloom	1899	Moist	19th century sex toy: buy one we'll get you off
Fetus	Best offer	Screaming	Gargoil Homunculus
Doll	Free	Not Haunted	Don't leave near small children, pets, or pizza
1st Draft Bible	42000	Wine stained	Includes 18 pages of Jesus x Judas yaoi
Ghost Trap	19.84	Oozed	Never caught ghost before, idk why its oozing
Banana Bread	1 Soul	Fresh	its 100% worth it big dog, trust
7/11 Dick Pills	8.99	HARD	For when you never need to be soft again
Garg Plush	Your Dignity	Crusty	Mason Jar not included
Toilet Wine	0.25/oz	134 proof	Notes of shit, piss, maybe a little bit of cum
Surgery	80085	Unlicensed	The finest BBL in all the land
Nuclear Reactor	1991	Recoiled	Perfect for making your own X-Men team

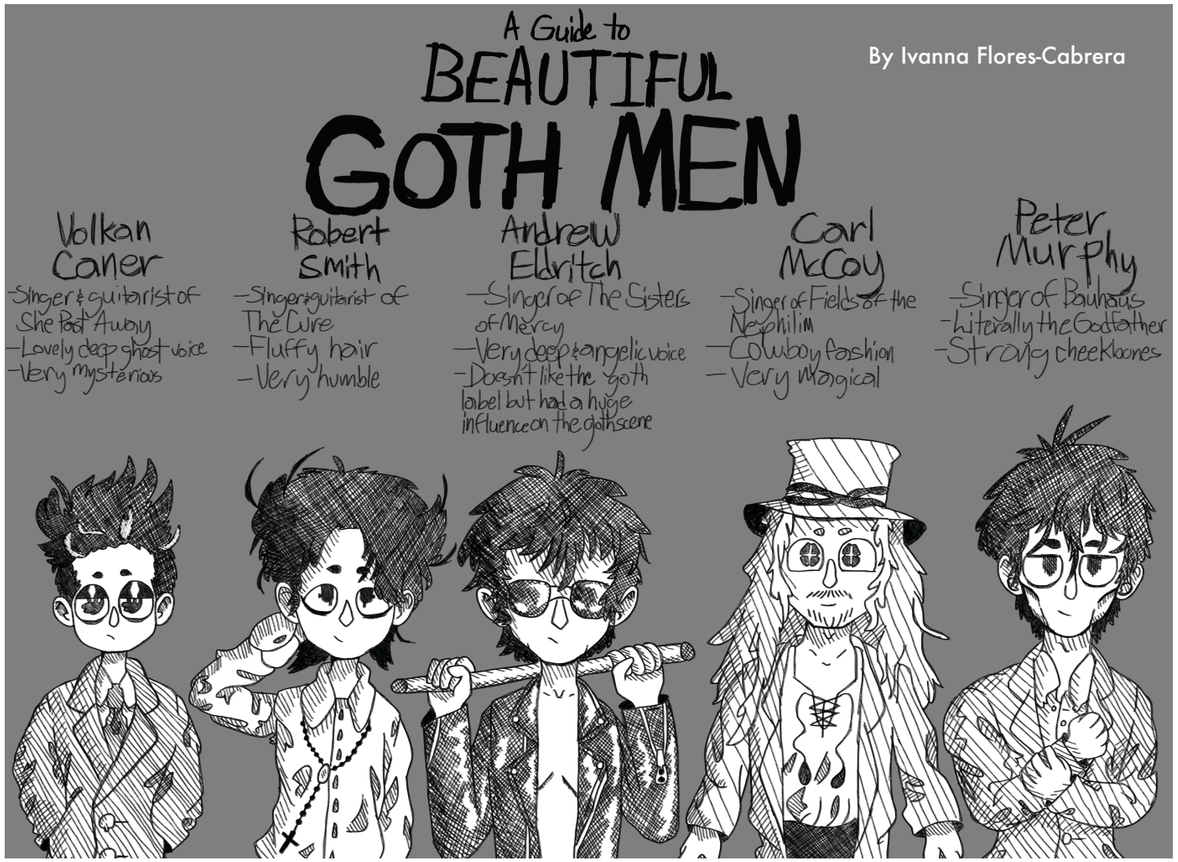

The Heist
By Jack Sodom
It was a five-cannon, all hands on deck stick-up at the Dome National Sperm-Bank.
The currency of the future is jizz. A generation of dysgenic poseurs coupled with the incessant chemical buzz of the advertising grind for the third-tit implant and penile cement-infusion created a hot market for designer babies. But since there's no authority entrusted to it, the market has to create its own demons.
There were five dispatched on a deal with destiny to get their hands on designer sperm, sperm of the best specimen of them all, Richard Nixon. Well, it was the only president whose jizz they could get their hands on. They didn't call him Tricky Dick for nothing. (And LBJ was somewhere else).
Dhole, Warthog, Myna, Stoat, and Eel. Each of them had their own distinct plan for how they were going to get Dick's milk from the pound.
The night came. Warthog set up his GPS and drove to the bank. He only ran over seven withered zombified junkies this time around, which is an accomplishment for him. Dhole walked in with his six-cannon ready to roll but immediately cried and shat his pants when he saw the guards holding their guns, not their rifles, and shot himself in the foot. Myna tried to get to the bank manager but got hauled away after she mauled the teller to death for pronouncing her name wrong. Stoat tried to hack into the central mainframe, but nobody tells you that the amphetamine kick makes your hands shake too much to do anything. His hands caught on fire when he accidentally picked up Spike Agnew's jizz, so that was the end of him.
Eel was the only one left standing. She woke up from her nerve-juice coma as she entered the pandemonium of the sperm bank. Guards were shooting their guns left and right. She put on an extra guard helmet and entered the door they were exiting through. They didn't seem to notice, they just wanted to enact a baton charge of their own jissom, an antidote to their frustrated effeminacy. She walked into the inner sanctum. She nabbed a bottle labelled "RN" thinking it was something for a nurse. She drank it and spit it out. "Ew, this milk tastes like shit! Like two rats shacking up in my throat ..."

The Raven

Written by Bethany Stahlin
Illustrated by Megan Okubo

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over a quaint and queerious volume of whores before,
While I gooned, nearly coming, suddenly there came a tapping,
"Tis only a visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the sinly days of yore.
Perched upon a bust of Hatsune Miku just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.
"Though thy breasts be large and bouncing, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Gooning grim and ancient raven wandering from the Erotic shore—
Tell me what thy stripper name is on the Night's Erotic shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Tittymore."



RED LIGHT

Written by Juno Krishti, Illustrated by Kendall Jordan

A fly momentarily buzzes right into your ear before zipping away. You hold a can of Dr. Pepper you got from a nearby vending machine, following instructions you got from a friend's friend's friend. You walk through an aisle of the corner store, barely glancing at the Ghoul Grahams and Count Snackula branded chips and cookies as you make your way towards the freezers. A little gremlin sits on a stool much taller than it, tilting its sunglasses as you approach, its eyes locked onto yours. You stick out your hand and it pauses a bit before grabbing the soda. It opens the can, pouring its contents onto the floor and closing its hand around the tab. It looks you in the eyes once more before it raps on the wall behind it, as the floor opens below you and you fall, yelping.

You find yourself surrounded by stone bricks, one lantern on the wall all that lights the room. A cloaked man is backlit by the lantern, his form reduced to a shadow. He grins, showcasing the glint of bright white fangs despite no light illuminating them, as he lifts an arm to brandish a syringe.

"I think you know what I want."

You wait for him to hand you the syringe, but he stays eerily static. You step closer, getting a better look at his scarred, wrinkled face, and gently take it from his hand. It's clearly used, but you stick it into your arm and extend the plunger, wincing in pain as you half-fill the syringe with blood before returning it to the man. He stomps the floor and a portion of the wall behind him slides down into the ground, red light emanating from the slowly growing gap. You walk towards this newly formed entryway, letting yourself be enveloped in the red glow. You give a last glance back and see that the man is gone.

Stepping into the source of the light, organ music fills your ears. You look around the bar—your gaze meets those of several monsters who look confused or a little scornful before turning back to their conversations. Heavy footsteps approach; you look towards their direction and a muscled creature towers over you, his body covered in a web of stitches, his arms and face all slightly different tones as if they were found and put together. His heaving breath seems to drown out the notes of the organ for the few strained seconds before he begins to speak:

"I like the shirt, man. I used to be big into Fall Out Boy. You think I could bum a light?"

You pause, a little surprised by his pleasantness. "Oh, sure, you got it." You take a lighter from your pocket and hand it to him as you feel a tap on your shoulder. You turn around and see the aged face of the man with the syringe.

"I need a full syringe of blood. You gave me half. Give me what I'm owed or leave." He again brandishes the syringe, but now it's you who's standing completely static, frozen with fear. The ex-Fall Out Boy fan pushes you to the side to face the man.

"Come on, they're cool, dude. Just let them stay."

"They must follow the rules like everyone else. Fill the syringe to get in."

"You're gonna be a hardass over half a tube? You haven't gotten enough blood yet?"

"I won't let a being as hideous as you tell me how to run things here."

The creature puts your lighter back in your pocket before indulging in rage, backhanding the man hard enough to make him stumble into a table. A werewolf and a ghost who were sitting there both stand up and exclaim. The ghost tries to hit the man, its arm passing through him. The werewolf howls as someone tells it to "Shut the fuck up!" and it runs to find the culprit. A beer bottle flies into the creature's head, and his wound heals in seconds while he runs towards the direction it came from. Him and the werewolf both land on the same mummy, and you run back to the exit as the speakeasy erupts behind you.

By Nola Davenport

LOST PET!!! "BUBBA"
Left a note in its cage that says "thank you for everything" and "see you in the next life." Not sure what that's about.
Only moves when you're not looking at him.
Favorite drink: tequila sunrise
PLEASE CALL OR EMAIL!!
666-420-6969
OR
JOEBLOW@AOL.COM
REWARD!!!!
50$ RUBY TUESDAY'S GIFT CARD (38$ LEFT)

By Zeke Pterodactyl

The Good Pills

By Jacqueline Brace

She was already 4 drinks and 2.5 mystery pills in by the time she stumbled up to Club Nosfra2. Her party had called it a night about 40 minutes earlier, but her artificially uninhibited brain was hankering for some midnight mischief. She must have gotten one of the good pills in the mix she'd fished out of her friend's ex-girlfriend's FWB's Monster High handbag, because the mountain of a bouncer guarding the door had massive stone wings folded behind him.

Hallucinating already? She was in for a wild night.

Plastering on her patented please-let-me-in smile, she waltzes up to the statuesque bouncer and thrusts out her ID, batting her chunky falsies for good measure. He glances at it, then at her, and smirks.

"Have fun." He hands back the ID and unclips the plum velvet rope, his eyes flashing devilish yellow as the resilient party girl sweeps past.

Upon stepping into the club, her head immediately fills with deliciously disorienting deviant haze. The speakers thump enchantingly erratic beats under indecipherable lyrics, the cloud of mixed smoke that hovered over the unbridled sea of dancers roiling and swirling with the bass.

Claiming the sole open barstool, she catches the bartender's glowing eye and points to the colorful, tasty-looking drink her hairy neighbor is nursing. Her gaze drifts over the enamored crowd while she awaits her confounding concoction, sliding between whizzing pixies and writhing fish women. It must have been a really good pill. The bartender slides her drink across the bar, a trail of sparkles pluming in its wake. The midnight mixologist says something about a tab, but as she starts to pat down her pockets, a hissing voice interrupts.

"Don't worry about it, sssugar. You can put it on my tab." A snake's head dangles 6 inches from her ear, its scaled face twisted into an attempted smoulder. Its lithe black body undulates hypnotically behind it, extending from the scalp of the woman to her right.

The bewildered party girl meets its eyes. It takes a moment before she registers that there's a snake beside her, and the snake just talked to her, at which point she turns away quickly. Vampires suck down pitchers of O-negative across the bar, cheered on by skantily-clad sirens and monstrous shadows. A group of succubi cavorts with coy forest nymphs in the cushioned booth behind her.

It's not the drugs.

She abandons her drink and slithery suitor, racing clumsily through the crowd of werewolves and assorted ghouls to the lady's room. Even in the dingy light, she can clearly make out the patchworked girl sitting on the sink as well as her translucent friend with a greying severed arm in one ghostly hand and threaded needle in the other.

"Hey, are you okay?" She spins around to see the snake woman from the bar, the snake that flirted with her looking bashful. She opens her mouth, then closes it.

"I'm sorry about Bill, he's insufferable. I hope he didn't freak you out too bad," the gorgon continues. The only human in the room just stares, her drug-addled brain struggling to comprehend the scene before her.

"You guys are... monsters?" she says timidly after a long moment of silence. The once-mythical women trade understanding glances and nod. They watch patiently as she processes some more.

"Do you guys have like...monster drugs?"

How Is Bigfoot?

By Ivanna Flores-Cabrera

Many of you keep trying to find Bigfoot. Many others of you even dare to question his existence, but you never consider his feelings. Has the question ever crossed your mind, "How is Bigfoot doing?" You keep collecting crumbs that might lead to Bigfoot, and even dragged the FBI into things, but do you even consider how he feels about this? You're all obsessed with him, and yet you don't take a moment to think about his mental state. Do you even understand that the words you spit out would probably hurt his feelings? That calling Bigfoot a hoax would make him cry a whole ocean? What you do is collect data that may connect to Bigfoot, but you never think about giving him empathy. He can't keep dealing with all the hunters, the conspiracy theorists, the deniers, and the other wackos involved. Bigfoot needs friends who care about his feelings and who give him a huge hug.

-Thirsty Thursday-

By Rex Rice

what dark lingers at the edge of maynard st?
steps that beckon the sounds of a drink in hand
there in the distance! lights reflecting off their blond!

but what is this? lines upon lines at every corner,
fake ids in the palms of their hands,
the white tube tops, baggy jeans
hair tumbling to their waists

"where's my vape?" she says with a drink in hand,
music and purple lights engulf the scene,
some guy runs around with his shirt off,
rampant body heat rages through the crowd

another tequila shot or two,
maybe some random jungle juice,
the lights dim, and you wake up

heads banging, waiting for the next
week to do it all over again

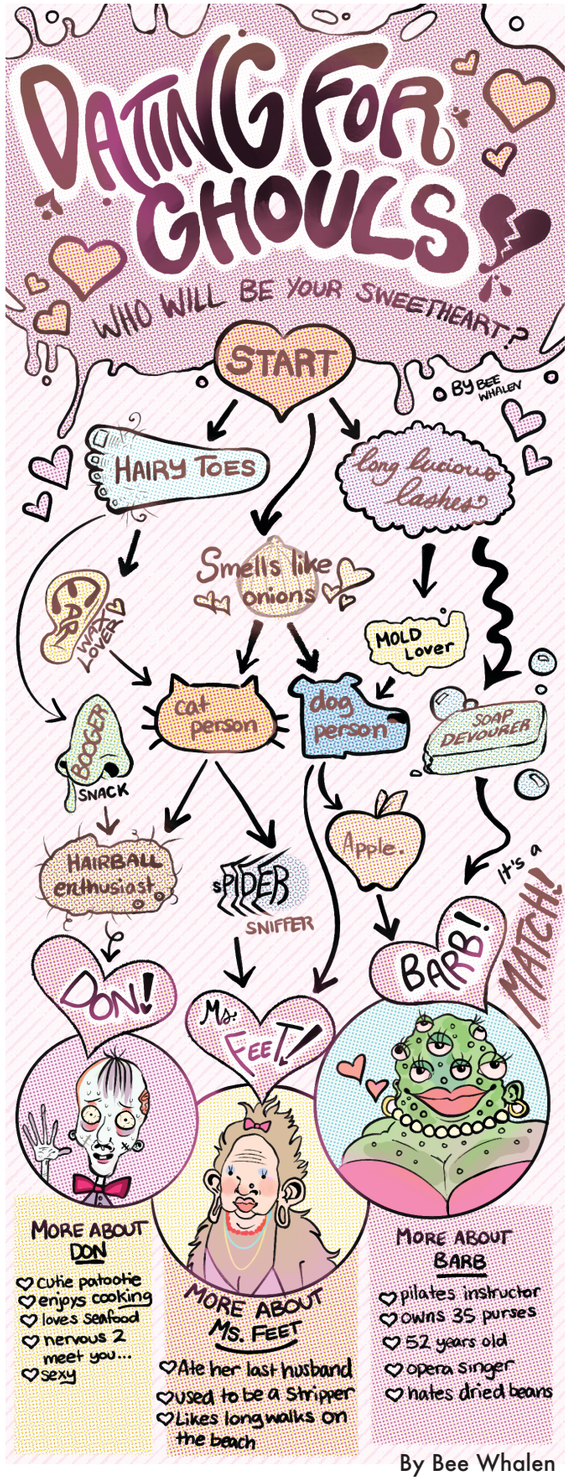
Garg's Guide to BeeDSM

By S. Golubic

Here at the *Gargoyle*, we celebrate deviancy in all shapes and sizes. If you're just starting off on your freaky kinky journey, we are here to give you some hot tips.

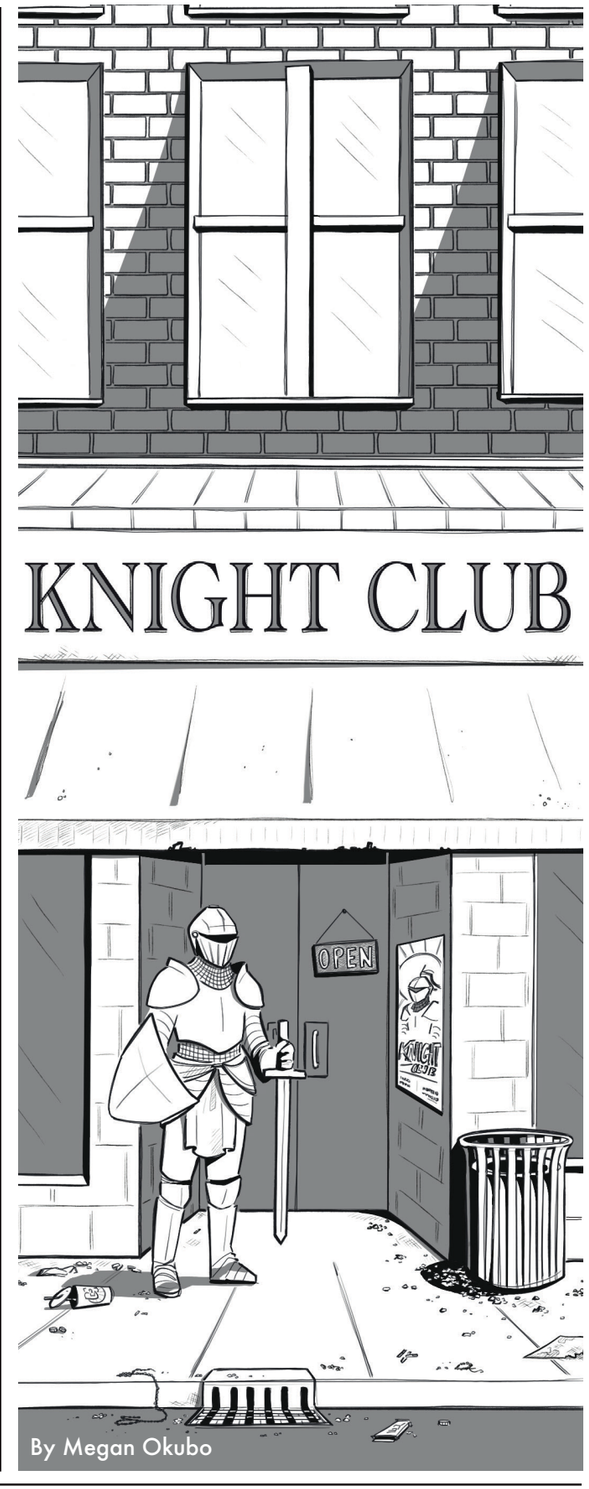
1. Kink is all about spontaneity! If it suits your fancy, your partner will be ecstatic. Who needs to talk about safe words when you've got ass to smack? Dive in head first, girlboss!
2. Don't be humble, don't be shy. Show off the dungeon you've meticulously built and kitted out with the leather of your dreams. Lock the door behind them for that extra spice!
3. Worried about the rising cost of toys? Utilize your body's natural sex tool! 9 out of 10 women love using teeth on, near, and in their private parts, and your partner will too!
4. Practice sustainability in your wax play by using your own hive's beeswax! Involve the bees in your BDSM scene, in exchange for their goods. Surely you will not regret inviting bees into your BDSM scene.
5. Kink is an exhausting sport. You may be spending hours upon hours with your loving partner, and in the end, everyone needs some alone time! Be sure to leave your partner where they are and stay away for as long as possible. Lock the door, if you need to. Ignore their pleas for freedom. It's just the bee venom wearing off.

This guide is peer-reviewed, scientifically valid, and sexual deviant approved! Be safe, be sane, and remember Garg's golden rule: public sex is fine always <3



By Bee Whalen

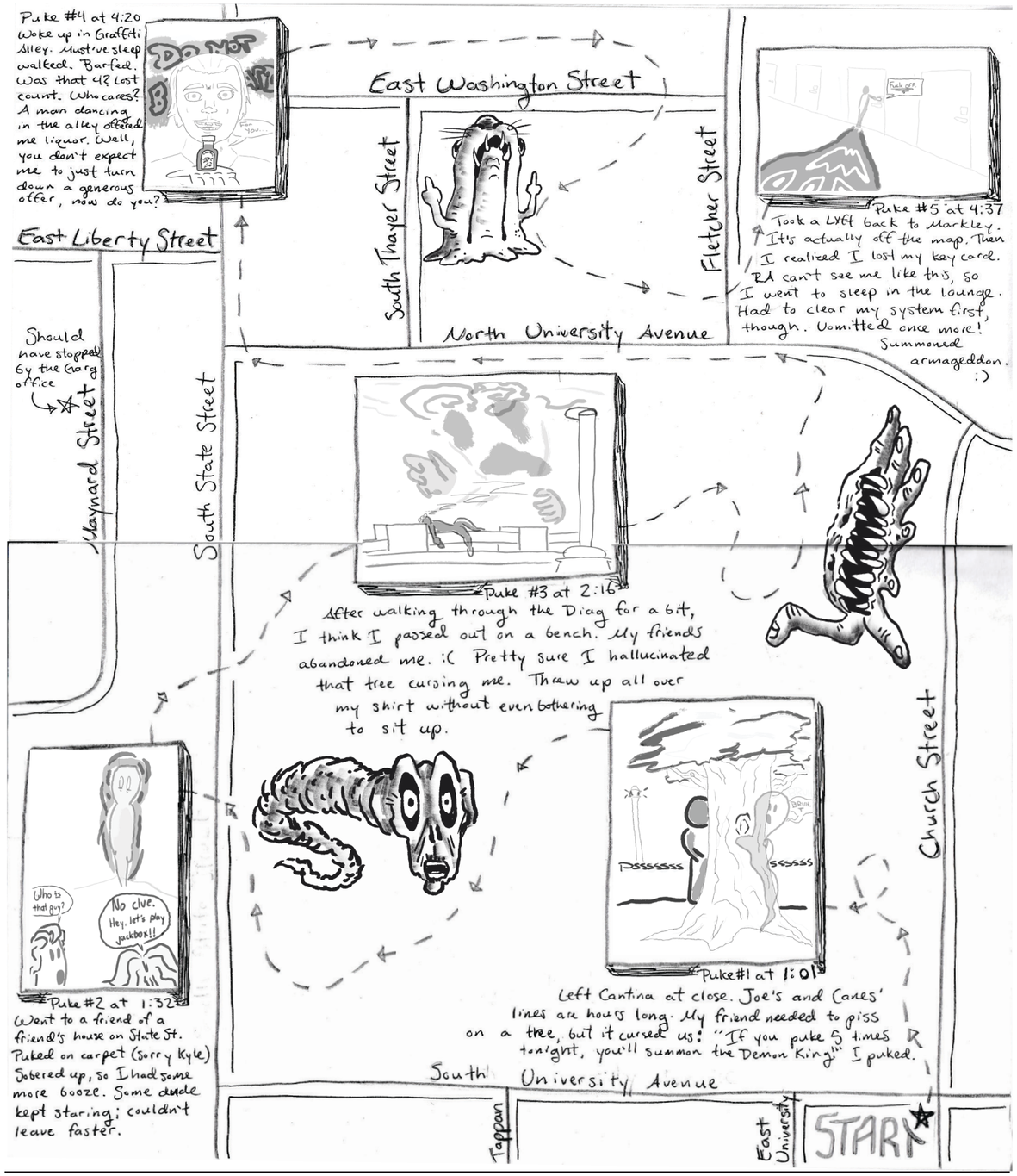
My mom sold me t...
Table of Contents
Aa
My mom sold me to CSG????
By S. Golubic and Bethany Stahlin
82K
1.25K
106
Garg's alarm goes off, indicating the start to another gargalicious day. Except it's not that gargalicious, because the racket of Garg's mother, Sabrina Barnes, looking for glossy pages in the cabinets keeps Garg from going back to sleep. Garg's mom has been an addict ever since xier dad died when Garg was young. garg has to hide sabrina barnes' stash of glossy pages in the toilet bowl so xier mom doesn't get high off of them, but she always finds them eventually.
xie rolls out of bed and put xier hair up in a messy bun. Garg has better things to do than waste time on xier appearance, so xie throw on a pair of galaxy leggings and a danisnotonfire t-shirt (a/n: HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS??????).
1
"GARGOYLE!! GET YOUR BUTT DOWN HERE!!!! WE HAVE A GUEST" Sabrina barnes Garg's mother yells. Garg sighs again and walks down the hall, passing xier mom's crackhead friend, Xolo, who lives in the linen closet. Xolo spits at Garg's feet as xie pass. Garg flips them off.
As Garg walks down the stairs, xie are met with two strange....but familiar men holding a black bag of....no...it couldn't be. "Who are you" garg asks.
"Don't be rude, Gargoyle," Sabrina barnes Garg's mother scolds. "These are your new owners. I cant afford my next supply of glossy pages so I sold you"
1
"You-you can't do that! That's illegal!!!!"
"So're glossy pages, but that never stopped me before!!!" sabrina barnes garg's mother cackles, snatching the black bag filled with glossy pages.
"But, but, but, I dont even know who they are?" garg pleads.
"I'm mark schlissel with the Central Student Government" the first man respond..
17
"And im santa J. (a/n: the j stands for jobless owo) ono. And your coming with us".
1
They drag Garg out the door. As they shove garg into an unmarked 2025 White Chrysler Pacifica van, xie watches xier mother sabrina barnes and her crackhead friends huffing the glossy pages.
Vote
106
Share



By Megan Okubo

Map of Where I Went After the Clurb on a Random Tuesday

By Charlie Palmer and Paolo Poquiz


Puke #4 at 4:20
Woke up in Graffiti Alley. Must've sleep walked. Barfed. Was that 4? Lost count. Who cares? A man dancing in the alley offered me liquor. Well, you don't expect me to just turn down a generous offer, now do you?
DO NOT
East Washington Street
East Liberty Street
South Thayer Street
Fletcher Street
North University Avenue
Puke #5 at 4:37
Took a LYFt back to Markley. It's actually off the map. Then I realized I lost my key card. I'd can't see me like this, so I went to sleep in the lounge. Had to clear my system first, though. Vomitted once more! Summoned armageddon. :)
Should have stopped by the Garg office
Maynard Street
South State Street
Puke #3 at 2:16
After walking through the Diag for a bit, I think I passed out on a bench. My friends abandoned me. :(Pretty sure I hallucinated that tree cursing me. Threw up all over my shirt without even bothering to sit up.
Church Street
Who is that guy?
No clue. Hey, let's play jackbox!!
Puke #2 at 1:32
Went to a friend of a friend's house on State St. Puked on carpet (sorry Kyle) Sobered up, so I had some more booze. Some dude kept staring; couldn't leave faster.
Puke #1 at 1:01
Left Cantina at close. Joe's and Canes' lines are hours long. My friend needed to piss on a tree, but it cursed us! "If you puke 5 times tonight, you'll summon the Demon King!" I puked.
South University Avenue
Tappan
East University
START

By Ivanna Flores-Cabrera

Who the fuck followed me on Insta last night?

By Paolo Poquiz

@dont.lacrosse.me8934 (Club Lacrosse Dude): Was in front of me in the line for the bathroom for like 30 minutes. Wasn't racist, but got dangerously close. Only talked about his girlfriend not putting out and how the Bills' offense was fucking his fantasy week. I joked that the Bills are fucking her too. He threw an eddie at my head and told me to shut up.

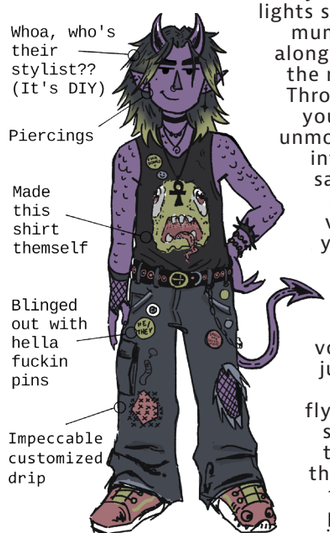
@fiery_mama_bear67 (Cute Redhead): All I remember is singing the "Little Shop of Horrors" soundtrack with her at the top of our lungs for like 45 minutes in someone's backyard. I asked my friend about her the day after, and she just sadly shook her head and patted me on the back. Fuck.

@ashinothqueenoftormentfromwithin (Ashinoth, Queen of Torment from Within): Has one thousand ears to hear your sorrows. To touch her is to grasp the abyss. To see her is to witness all your fatal flaws and still somehow find the will to survive. Bask in her presence and soak in your vapid mortality.

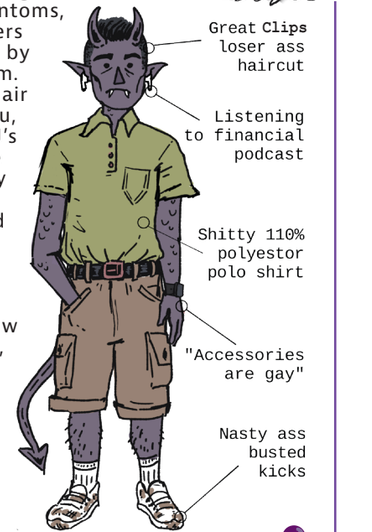
...all this to say, that's the last night I pop five antidepressants at the pre to "save money on shots."

PAIN IN THE NECK!

Written by Juno Krishti, Illustrated by Zeke Pterodactyl



Heavy bass rattles your ribs, your arms in the air catching the lights strobing through different colors. Bodies of phantoms, mummies, werewolves, witches, all kinds of monsters along with a few humans crowd the floor, connected by the music playing and the heat permeating the room. Through countless sets of arms flailing through the air you swear you see a pair of red eyes staring at you, unmoving as the audience shifts and flows to the DJ's influence. Your heart drops as your gaze does the same. The sounds around you are muffled, slowly ramping synths washing over everything. Their volume increases steadily as the dancers around you grow wilder, jostling you around while your mind stays fixated on the image of the eyes. You look back up—you no longer see their stare directed at you, but you can feel it digging into your head, hot and pointed. A few vocal chops lead into a drop as the crowd erupts, jumping up and down and up and down out of sync, impossible to follow. Amid the cheers flying through the air you hear something else, something different, something filled with terror rather than excitement. Blood rushes through your body rapidly, your heart pounding to keep up with the pace. A release—two little pricks in the neck. Your legs weaken as blood is siphoned from you, your individuality along with it, and your vision darkens.



HUMANS FROM OUTER SPACE

By Bee Whalen

SCENE 1

INT. THE GLEEKBURG HOME--LIVING ROOM--MIDNIGHT

Sitting across from the television set, DONNA and DAVE sigh, leaning back into the sofa looking content.

DONNA
I just put the children to bed, darling.

DAVE
Wonderful. Let's see what's on the program tonight.

DAVE picks up the remote and clicks the "ON" button, followed by a few channel buttons. The program begins to play, starring the title, *HUMANS FROM OUTER SPACE.*

Violent images flash on screen before DONNA and DAVE's eyes, followed by shrieking and garbled dying Gleekling noises.

DONNA
(gasping)
Oh Dave! This is too graphic!

DAVE
(chuckling)
Now, now, Donna, it's just a television program—

There's a sudden *CRASH!* from the backyard. DONNA and DAVE freeze. DAVE's several eyes narrow. He stands, placing a protective hand in front of DONNA.

DAVE (cont'd)
Donna. Don't move.

DONNA looks petrified. DAVE gets up from their couch slowly, and begins to walk towards another room.

SCENE 2

INT. THE GLEEKBURG HOME--GARAGE--MIDNIGHT

DAVE unlatches a heavy metal case, revealing a large science-fiction looking rifle. He lifts it up to his chest, then cocks the gun, gripping the release tightly.

DAVE slowly raises the gun, reaching for the circular garage panel, before his hand bumps into DONNA's arm.

DAVE
ZEEBLE Christ! Donna!

DONNA
(emotionally)
Sorry, sorry! I just couldn't let you go out there by yourself, I—

DAVE
Shh. Hold yer gleebles.

DAVE raises the rifle again. His fingers press against the control panel. DONNA hides behind her hands and pulls away.

CUT TO GARAGE DOOR OPENING

A bright, searing light erupts from the opening garage door, followed by a large puff of smoke and white fog that pools into the garage.

CUT TO DAVE

DAVE holds up the rifle slowly, pressing his finger against the trigger. DONNA grips her husband's shoulder.

A large burst of light hits their faces. DONNA gasps, and DAVE braces for the impact.

CUT TO GARAGE DOOR OPENING

A FIGURE stands before them, like an angel on the edge of the heavens, wearing a large, bulky suit.

CHRIS PRATT
(Waving)
Hello. I'm Chris Pratt.

CUT TO DAVE AND DONNA

DONNA shrieks.

DONNA
(mortified)
IT'S—IT'S A—! HUMAN! A HUMAN FROM OUTER SPACE!

DAVE screams, and fires the space rifle. Blood flies, and human money explodes from where the human man once stood. An even more horrified shriek follows DONNA's.

RYAN REYNOLDS
(mortified)
CHRIS! NO!

THE END.

By Sam Baumgardner

GARGOYLE